

OUR DUMB Animals

Photo, Edward Rosa, New Bedford Standard Times



JAN 10 1957



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Christmas — 1956

*A*T this time of the year many persons enjoy re-reading the "Christmas Carol." It is Dickens at his best, using his great talents to show his readers the difference between Scrooge before and after he looked Christmas in the face and heard its merry voice. It is the difference between a selfish and miserly old man and a happy radiant boy.

This is among the best of the Christmas blessings, because it restores us for a few brief hours to childhood days. To forget one's childhood is to forget much of the best that life has brought us. Some things are still revealed to little children that the years have hidden from the wise and prudent. We come nearer to renewing our youth at Christmas than at any other time of the year.

Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier creatures who share with man life's joys and sorrows.

The Spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain.

Christmas is a day of hope. It brings the promise of a better future. It witnesses to something that lives behind the shadows that darken the present, and the evil that threatens the future.

Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by many fold than it was before that night when a little Child was born in the stable in Bethlehem.

E. H. H.



"Frisky" watches for Santa.

Canine Lend-Lease

By Genevieve Wright

IN Portland, Oregon, five shrill and hungry kittens were delivered by Caesarian section at Dr. Matthew B. Mayberry's dog and cat hospital. How they were fed makes an unusual story.

It would be difficult to reconcile the kittens with their mother because none of them looked a bit like her. She was a bluepoint Siamese, eighteen months old. Three of the kittens were black, one dark gray striped and one light gray striped alley cat coloring. It was to be presumed, therefore, that they resembled their father—unknown.

In a cat hospital, ordinarily, orphaned kittens are fed by eye dropper every two hours, day and night. But these five kittens had it different.

Dr. Mayberry's assistant, Marlene Shortridge, owned a beautiful Doberman pinscher who had symptoms of false pregnancy. She had delivered one previous litter. This time, however, there were no puppies. But there was milk.

Fortunately for the orphans the female pinscher was quite willing to serve as a short-order counter deluxe for them. Not only did she seem to admire the kittens as she suckled them—she licked them all thoroughly as well.

When asked: How come? Marlene said, "We tell her they're puppies."

She was asked what would happen if the dog decided not to believe that.

"Then we'll have to tell her she's a cat," replied Marlene.

"Queenie," the Golfer

NINE years ago this coming Christmas I was watching my neighbor's two children playing in the backyard with a young, clean-looking dog. They would pull its tail, try poking their fingers in his eye, only to receive as a reward a face licking from the young puppy. A few days later my friendly neighbor, seeing me at the fence again, said, "Charlie, I really think my kids are too young to appreciate a dog and they surely treat him pretty rough. You seem to like the animal. Would you like to take her off my hands?"

"Gladly," I said. "I believe she has the making of a real friend. In fact, I shall be glad to pay you whatever you think right and promise that she will be well taken care of."

Forty-eight hours later, on Christmas morning, came my friend and asked me to accept Queenie as a Christmas present. Having had dogs with short interruptions all my life, since I was eight years old—and that means for the last 66 years—I accepted his offer with pleasure. Two nights later the same neighbor came back in the evening with a long face and when I asked him why he looked so unhappy the reply was, "Sorry Charlie, I have to ask you to return Queenie to me."

I asked why and he replied, "The veterinary who gave me this spayed female Staffordshire heard that I had given her to you and since you have no small children for whom he had bred Queenie, he wants me to return her to him."

I did not care too much for this particular veterinary and had grown quite fond, during the two days, of my new companion, so I said, "You tell your 'vet' that this is not a country of Indian gifts and besides I have spent \$608.00 since you gave me the pup!" I pulled out a receipt for the amount paid the same day for a wire fence around the greater part of my property to give the dog protection and yet enough freedom to roam around.

Since then, Queenie has given me a great deal of pleasure and comfort. Every night when I return from my office I receive a most hearty welcome as only a devoted dog can show to his master and over the weekend, weather permitting, Queenie

accompanies me to play my nine holes of golf in the later afternoon so as not to disturb serious golfers, although she has never been complained about and my golfing friends, when we meet on the course or elsewhere, usually will not be much concerned, but ask, rather, "How is Queenie? Is she beating you today and by how many strokes?"

In fact, the caddies consider it as a favor to go out with me and have Queenie on the leash. She never yet has touched a golf ball and, in fact, is of no help if I should drive one into the woods. She is made to sit down near, but not on the green, when it comes to putting, and will automatically get up when my ball ultimately goes into the hole, marching directly to the next tee so as to make sure that I make no mistake. On the tee she will sit down again in front of the player, sufficiently far away and absolutely quiet to avoid any annoyance to the player.

Queenie proved to be fond of flowers as shown in the illustration. Not only does she like the looks of Amaryllis in my back yard, but she seemingly loves their fragrance. Much more could be said about Queenie's intelligence, patience and kindness toward grown-ups as well as children. Queenie is all that one could possibly expect of a dog and more than can be expected of some humans. Being a spayed female, Queenie has always been kept on a very carefully supervised diet avoiding fats, which in her case kept her weight within a pound's difference all these years of splendid health with no sickness.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

He Barks With the Bells

By Gordon Duncan

SINCE the dawn of civilization, men and dogs have been closely associated. But since the dawn of Christianity, it is doubtful if many dogs have made a habit of attending church every Sunday, to sing with the church bells! There is such a dog in Saginaw, Michigan.

"Pal" is a reverent chow whose Sunday solos are famous in Saginaw. On one occasion, a clergyman kidded his congregation a trifle by referring to the dog's attendance as "something for members of the parish to aim at." Actually, the dog has missed few Sunday morning services since he took up attendance more than three years ago. He waits patiently outside until the bells begin to toll, then accompanies them in his own style — by barking. And Pal doesn't bark *at* the bells, but *with* them. Nor is one service enough; he accompanies the bells at all three morning services.

Pal belongs to Mr. and Mrs. William A. McKinney in Saginaw, who disclaim credit for the dog's religious leanings, since they do not attend the church of Pal's choice. According to Bill McKinney, the dog came to their home as a foundling puppy several years ago. Not a purebred, Pal has the favored characteristics of the breed without the combativeness, though the dog is strong-minded. A stranger can never persuade him to enter an auto.

Automobiles are one of Pal's idiosyncrasies, for the dog chases only *blue* cars! Similarly, he barks only with Sunday morning church bells and ignores wedding and funeral tolling, presumably



Pal does not bark at the church bells, but with them. And he accompanies only the Sunday morning chimes at this particular church.

since they are not on a regular schedule. The McKinneys claim the dog does not bark at *any* bells except regular Sunday morning church chimes. Characteristically, Pal follows a regular route when visiting friends, his first stop always being Saginaw Central Fire Station, where Pal is friendly with all the firemen except those who have played tricks on him — especially the playful fireman who turned on the fireplug which Pal was investigating.

As you might expect, Pal is fussy about food, and refuses to eat large bites. Even when offered a cracker, it must be broken in exactly four pieces. One exception is the McKinney's six-year-old granddaughter, Madeline, who could do practically anything with the animal, and even fed Pal sour grapes to illustrate. When she was smaller, the child rode on Pal's back.

Fundamentally a house dog, Pal spends most of his time on the stand that McKinney built for his pet. The dog likes to lie next to the window and watch cars

and people pass by. He never barks inside the house, but no one has been able to cure his growling softly whenever a blue car passes by. For that is Pal's one fault — chasing *blue* cars!

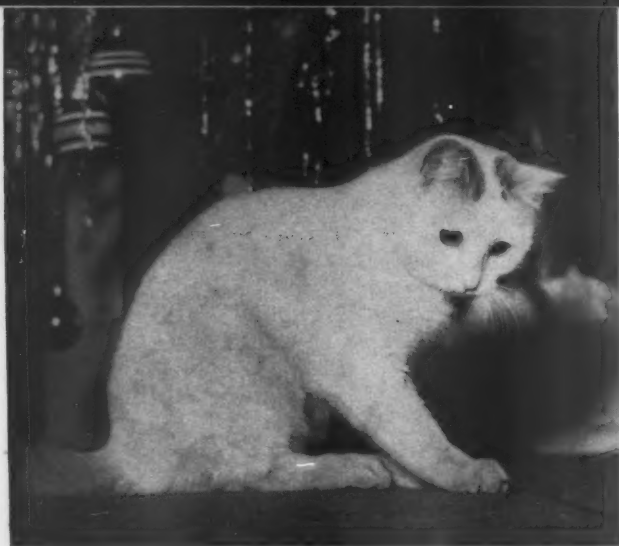
But Sunday is Pal's big day. A few minutes before church time, the dog is waiting patiently at the back door. Once the door is open, he makes 20 steps in three bounds, and is off to church. People who have heard of his interesting habit have come from all over town to witness the performance.

As for the members of "Pal's Parish," one of them explains:

"After three years, it's just part of our Sunday."

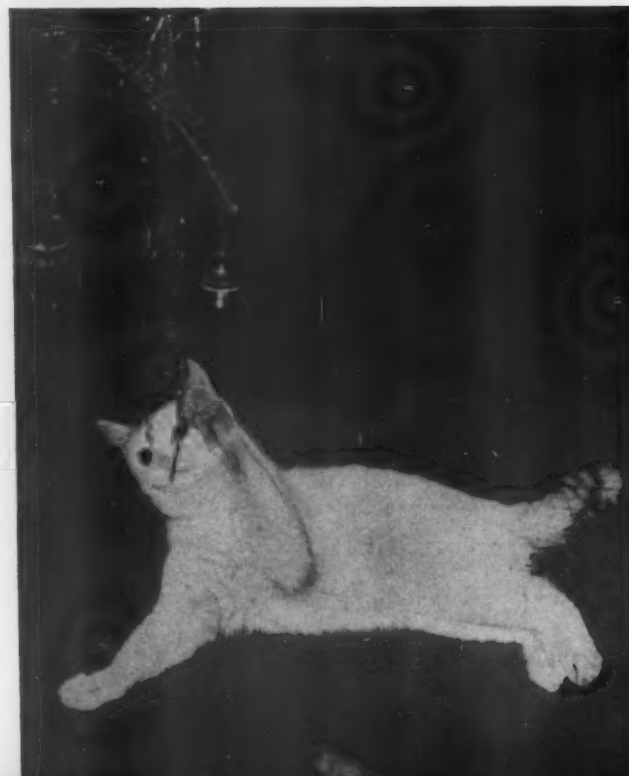
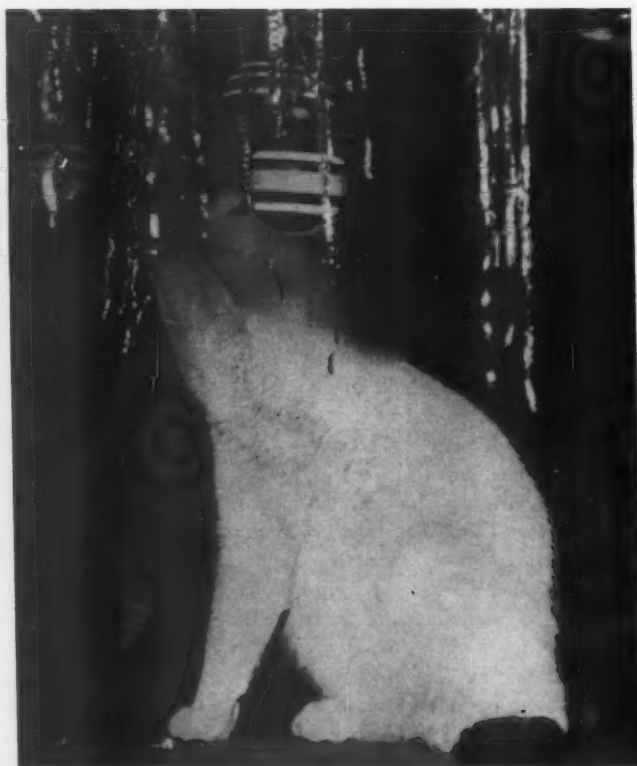
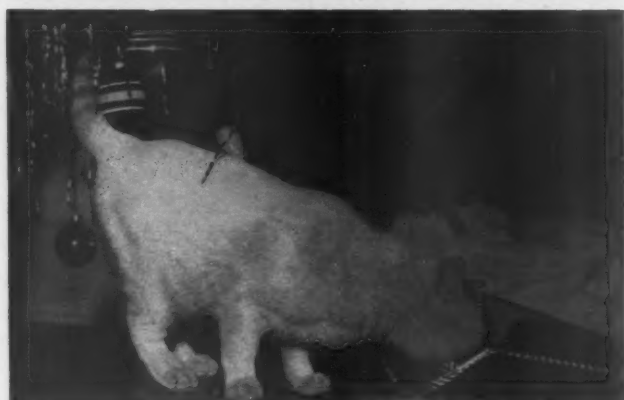
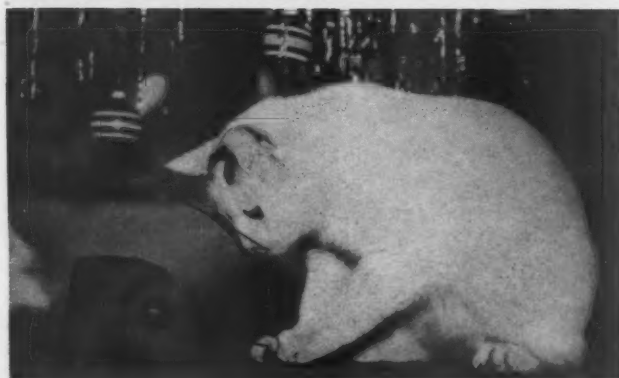
And if they decide to give out attendance buttons to animals, Pal should get his. One thing is certain — every week the dog will be out there barking for his!

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Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in making your will. See form of bequest on inside back cover.



Cat's Christmas

"FLUFF," the kitten, jumped the gun on Christmas by getting up early and poking around under the family Christmas tree while everybody else was still in bed—everybody but the cameraman, that is, who hid beneath a staircase and snapped these candid pictures of a cat's Christmas. *Photos by Mario Sarno, Springfield Republican.*



Merry-Go-Round Mounts In Real Life

By Ida M. Pardue



Children riding on a yak in the Chumbi Valley, Tibet.

D'JEVER ride a reindeer? Or a camel? Or a buffalo? If you were brought up on a ranch in the far West, you probably learned to stick on the back of a horse almost as soon as you could walk.

But who in Lappland or Siberia or Northwest Mongolia owns a horse? In these places horses are mostly curiosities — and

the cry of "giddap" is made to an animal you may have thought no one ever rode except on a merry-go-round — a reindeer.

It takes plenty of practice to stay on the back of a reindeer — a good trick to learn, because in Lappland and like places the frozen, snowy or marshy ground would stop a horse in nothing flat. The reindeer, however, prances over such terrain as if it were a velvet ribbon, unwinding distance at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

Frozen ground is no problem to the fleet riding camel, the dromedary, either. The dromedary can get over icy trails as well as the sucking sands of the desert. So the camel is a saddle animal, too, giving a swaying, sea-swell ride which often makes a tenderfoot ill. A good dromedary can carry a rider as far as a hundred miles per day.

Chinese Turkistan boys who yearn to be riders do not have to worry about speed. In their land saddles are placed on big, slow-moving yaks. A yak is far from fast. But each foot goes down exactly where it should, picking a safe way over the dangerously narrow, slippery mountain trails connecting Asia's remote villages. The Turkistan government mounts its frontier guards on yaks.

Elephants are ridden in several places — India, Siam and Burma, for example. They, too, are slow. Their value lies in their tremendous bulk and great strength, enabling them to push through thick jungles with little effort.

All of these merry-go-round mounts can pull vehicles as well as carry riders. Laplanders harness reindeer to sleds. Malaysians employ the zebu to pull carts. Pairs of camels haul odd, double-decker wagons in India. Asia's water buffalo lumber along, dragging carts at the snail's pace of two miles per hour—but they can do this even in thick mud up to their flanks. Over the sketchy, high trails of Tibet, sheep packed with thirty-five to forty-pound loads each make an easy way.

Only to the lilt of a carousel can we—or most of us, ever hope to ride such exotic creatures as camels, reindeer and buffalo. But they are the only saddle animals available in many places—or the only ones which can manage the poor dangerous "roads".

Someone's Best Friend

By Glenda L. Walls

PERHAPS it was the lack of spirit, usually found in a dog of his type that first drew attention to the presence of the large black and white Collie who hovered outside Gate Two of the Long Beach Naval Hospital in Long Beach, California. He never seemed to run about and play like other dogs.

Gate Two, where he kept his faithful vigil, is where patients are admitted to the hospital. So, after watching the dog wait around for some months, guards and attendants, believing his owner to be a patient there, tried to trace him. It finally became apparent that the friend for whom the dog waited was not inside, and that he or she was probably dead and could never return to the faithful dog.

A farmer who lived near the hospital tried to make friends with him, but the Collie seemed deathly afraid of any man and would not allow the farmer to come near him. Later, when he was struck by a car, he still refused help of humane society

officers and went to a field to lick and tend his wounds himself. Would-be friends placed food where he could get it when they were gone and helped him to live.

Recently reporters heard of the dog's long search and the Long Beach newspapers ran pictures and stories about him. After reading them, three 'teen-age girls decided to go see the loyal dog. Two and a half hours after they first started to make friends with him, "Prince," as they called him, was won over. Ten times he got into the back seat of the car and backed out. Finally he got in, climbed up on the seat and settled down.

Two of the girls, Billie Laura Tipton and Elene Betts, decided to adopt him and so Prince went home with them.

Today, he is still with them. He learned quickly to know his new friends and home and regained the spirit that is characteristic of any healthy Collie.



"Mr. Poo" Plays Santa

Mr. Poo goes to market.

Mr. Poo stays at Home.



YES, indeed, "Mr. Poo" certainly does play at being Santa Claus, but mostly for himself. Mr. Poo is a French Poodle, as cute and intelligent as they come and he frequently goes shopping with his mistress to see what he can see and, of course, to get whatever he can cajole his mistress Mrs. Ted Hirsh, of Pacific Palisades, California, into buying for him.

He especially likes to visit the counter

where dog food and toys are displayed and whatever strikes his fancy, he indicates with a great waving of his paws and vociferous barking until he gets the object he has set his heart on.

The pictures, taken by Tamara Andreeva, show two scenes in the life of Mr. Poo. One of them illustrates the fact that the poodle sometimes comes into the shop by himself to get what he needs, or at least, what he thinks he needs. With-

in reason, the shopkeeper supplies his wants and sends his mistress the bill.

The other picture shows Mr. Poo with some of the objects he has selected for himself, many of which he has brought home in his own careful jaws. You can see by the glint in his eyes that he's rather proud of his purchases and is fairly begging someone to come help him play with them.

Pigs Is Pigs Is Pets

THERE is one peculiarity about a pig, and that is if you give him just half an inch he'll be so darn companionable you wouldn't think of treating him as a pig. Some farm folks around the country have found out that there's more to the hog than meets the eye.

Take "Gus," for instance. He was the forlornest looking piglet Mrs. G. Bachtell ever saw. He had ample reason for singing the blues because his no-account mother had abandoned him to the pitfalls of the Arlington, Iowa, farm. Mrs. Bachtell took pity on him and brought him into the house. She gave him some warmed milk from a bottle.

Gus perked up almost immediately. Hours passed into days and he was still a member of the household. The family thought he was cute, so he did nothing to disillusion them. When he learned that his benefactors had certain eccentricities about his remaining on the floor, wiping his feet on a mat and about learning that

ominous something called housebreaking, why, he fell in with their ideas completely.

But unfortunately Gus began to grow and grow and grow. Finally carrying 275 pounds of hog, he was banished to the barnyard. He was annoyed at first, but when he realized he was still welcome to come into the house to listen to the radio or to have his back scratched he reconciled himself to outdoor life. Gus rates high now, along with "Tony," the pet dog, and enjoys the exclusive honor of being the only farm animal that is allowed to enter or leave the house whenever he wishes, provided he watches his manners.

"Barney" was a hog who quickly took the initiative when his owner, Mr. Jack Houghs of Bryant, Indiana, decided the porker would make fine revenue. Then, unexpectedly, Mr. Houghs' small son, Jackie, straddled the pig to see what would happen. It was Barney's cue to act. This was his last hope of living

to a ripe old age.

Slowly he trotted around the farm with Jackie screaming delightedly on top. Barney made a little boy happy, and for that his execution was stayed. He's serving life now—a happy life of keeping Jackie happy by riding him "piggyback."

"Old Doc," of Alabama, is another hog who lends his back to his master for a country ride. Old Doc weighs 800 pounds, so it's an easy task for him to carry S. C. Sharp over his many-acred farm. But the hog's position is precarious, indeed. For Mr. Sharp is still trying to make up his mind as to whether he should sell Old Doc or to keep him as his "horse."

What Mr. Sharp doesn't reckon on, however, is the hog's infallible intuition. It seems that every time his owner gets the selling notion Old Doc plops himself down on his hindquarters and squeals so appealingly that Mr. Sharp has a change of heart.

Devotion Has No Price Tag

By Fred M. Lazell

LOVE and devotion for animals were exemplified recently by Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Peet, of Des Moines, Iowa.

After Olaf, the Peets' prized golden Persian cat, strayed from their automobile last summer during a vacation trip through Missouri, Mr. Peet spent five weeks and \$2,200 in a worried search to recover the pet.

During the Peets' intensive search for Olaf through Missouri and southern Iowa, they sent out 58,000 postcards—not plain but eye-catchingly printed and bearing Olaf's description and photograph as well as the \$100 reward message and directions for returning the cat. They also mailed 800 letters, ran many newspaper advertisements, and arranged for the broadcast of 120 radio "spot" announcements.

Mr. Peet, president of a large life insurance company in Des Moines, made seven chartered airplane trips to follow up tips that Olaf had been found—none successful. The eighth plane trip proved to be the lucky one.

For a while it seemed to the saddened Mr. and Mrs. Peet that their Olaf would never be found, that all their trips, their hard work and their money would lead only to disappointment, to the heart-rending realization that Olaf was gone forever.

But an unbounding love for their pet still burned deep within them and drove them to continue the search.

Finally the perseverance of this couple seemed ready to yield its reward. They received a letter from Mrs. Lee Talley, of Paris, Missouri, saying she had taken in a cat whose description matched that of the



Olaf now-famous golden Persian whose disappearance last summer caused a flood of U. S. Mail business and much air travel, is welcomed home by Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Peet, Des Moines Iowa.

missing Olaf. The hopeful Mr. and Mrs. Peet left immediately by plane to investigate this possibility, along with some others.

After examining the cat held by Mrs. Talley, Mr. Peet—always a business man—was not at all sure this thin, spiritless cat could be his once chubby, lively Olaf.

Mrs. Peet, however, felt differently.

"I knew he was Olaf the minute I saw him," Mrs. Peet exclaimed. "I cried because at first Mr. Peet was doubtful. Olaf sat on my lap for a long time and Mrs. Talley who had been so good to him, said he would stay with her only for a minute."

The Peets returned home without Olaf,

but then, after two days, Mr. Peet decided that the cat Mrs. Talley had was indeed Olaf. With Des Moines veterinary, Dr. D. E. Briley, he went back and got the pet from Mrs. Talley and brought him home.

The following night, Olaf settled whatever indecision Mr. Peet might have had—he awakened his host in the middle of the night by clawing on the bed covers and mewling with mock ferocity. The cat "wanted out," and Mr. Peet remembered happily how Olaf had always done that exact trick.

Although nearly all the letters the Peets received were in recognition of their love for their pet a few notes sharply criticized them for spending so much time, effort and money to locate "just another cat."

The Peets laughed them off saying, "Such people somehow just don't realize the satisfaction a lovely pet brings a person and how empty life seems without such a pet."

"Gee but it's good to have the little guy back" said Mr. Peet.

A later announcement from L. M. Peet reveals that Olaf is once again in the best of health, despite the wear and tear of his Missouri jaunt.

He points out that newspapers, radio stations and many officials are very cooperative in helping to find lost pets. Through these media about half a million people were looking for the Peets' pet. Within ten minutes after Olaf was missed Mr. Peet had arranged for radio advertising to include announcements of the \$100 reward. (He paid three such rewards.)

Mr. Peet's breakdown of his expenses in the search for Olaf shows a total expenditure of nearly \$2,500, \$300 more than the original estimate. He says it was worth it.



It is believed in Poland and Switzerland that oxen kneel in reverence when the bells toll the hour of midnight and at that hour are briefly endowed with human speech.



From Syria comes the legend that the youngest camel which accompanied Jesus, brings gifts to the Christ Child.

Animal Folklore

Christmas Abroad

By IDA M. PARDUE

GENERALLY speaking, the only animals that get any attention during the Christmas season in America are the mythical reindeer that bring Santa Claus to town. Across the seas, the ox, the ass, the horse, and other creatures are characters of importance throughout the holiday celebration. Among the peoples who have for centuries held on to curious old beliefs about the behavior of the descendants of the manger animals on Christmas Eve are the Danes. They say that the ox and the ass know instinctively the hour of Christ's birth, and will at that exact moment rise and bow their heads in honor of the memory. So, on Christmas Eve in Denmark, even the stock animals are fed a special holiday supper; they are brushed and combed and made particularly comfortable in preparation for this, their great night.

The Poles and the Swiss credit the ox and the ass with even nobler observance of the Holy anniversary. They claim that when the church bells toll the hour of midnight, the animals kneel reverently, and are briefly endowed with human speech.

Not even the birds are forgotten in Denmark, Finland and Norway, where it is the custom to leave plenty of rye or wheat in convenient places outside the houses so the feathered friends, too, may have a Christmas Eve feast.

The Swiss who still cling to the old convictions gather up their chicken flocks on Christmas Eve and clip each fowl's wings. This must be done in the hour before midnight, in order to insure the chickens against attacks from beasts of prey during the coming year.

In Belgium, it is the donkey that is the center of attraction. The Belgian children do not listen for the hoofbeats of reindeer, but for the sounds which herald the approach of the donkey, carrying their St. Nick on his annual rounds. No Belgian child goes to bed without first arranging a meal of carrots and bread for the beloved Christmas donkey.

One Christmas legend tells of the little Gray Lamb. It wandered to the dwelling of the Holy Christ Child, seeing the lamb, beckoned it to come and it became white.





which accompanied the Three Wise Men, called by Syrians the Camel of
ings gifts to the children.



Belgian children do not listen for the hoofbeats of reindeer, but rather
for those of the donkey, credited by them of carrying their Santa Claus
on his rounds.

re of Christmastime

Little Gray Lamb with a longing in its heart to be
ing of the Holy Family, lingering at the door. The
roned it to come in. He laid His hand on its head
became white as snow.



Christmas Legends

By ALLAN A. BROWN

THE facts and folklore of the Christmas season are fascinating. Whether true or not, these innumerable tales form the traditions of the holiday season. Animals are prominently mentioned in many of the legends and customs.

Norwegians, Swedes and the Swiss make it a special point to be extremely friendly and hospitable on Christmas, both to domestic pets and wild birds.

A persistent Christmas legend is that bees hum a carol in honor of the Christ Child. In England, holly is placed on the hive to wish the bees a Merry Christmas.

Spaniards are taught to treat cows kindly; they believe that cattle breathed upon the Christ Child to keep Him warm. Tradition holds that cows and horses kneel in adoration at midnight each Christmas Eve. Among the residents of the German Alps it is believed that on Christmas Eve all animals can speak.

According to one legend, a fierce storm raged through the Harz Mountains one Christmas Eve. Massive trees were torn asunder; only the Fir trees were able to stand up before the gale. The trees heard the cries of distressed canaries, and called to them: "Come into our branches. We will protect you." Now, when your canary sings his sweetest, you'll know he is joyful about Christmas Eve in the Fir trees that protected the canaries so many years ago.

In Worcestershire, it was at one time the custom to give a bough of mistletoe to the cow that first bore a calf after New Year's Day. This was believed to bring good luck to the whole dairy.

In Syria, the youngest camel which accompanied the Three Wise Men is called the camel of Jesus, and it is this camel which brings gifts to the children.

In Bohemia a horse is taken out into a river at Christmas and walked against the current. The rider tosses an apple into the stream and if it hits the horse it will be stronger during the coming year.



LOST ON SUNDAY—full grown male cat, orange and white—friendly—greatly missed. Contact 12 Bernard Road, WE 5-2864-M.

THE above advertisement tells the sad story better than many words; our "Herkie" was lost and missed at every turn. If it had only been summer, we said, but here it was the dead of winter, the day after one of our big snow storms. Snow was piled high around everyone's yards and driveways. How would he ever find his way home or get anything to eat in this kind of weather?

Our young son accompanied by neighbors' children scoured the vicinity armed

Eight More Left

By Willa B. Low

with flashlights and peered into garages, cellar holes, under porches and wood piles, but no Herkie. The telephone buzzed for days with clues from children and adults alike—we never knew there were so many orange and white cats in the neighborhood. We had two calls in response to the ad offering us a kitten and a full-grown cat to replace ours. It was such a charitable gesture for which we shall always be grateful, but we still hoped for our own to return.

When two weeks passed, we tried to reconcile ourselves that Herkie had found another home more to his liking or that he had been killed or kidnaped. We tried to console ourselves with the thought that a litter of kittens was expected in the spring at a neighbor's. We'd find another pet.

On the twenty-third night after his disappearance, my son heard a cat crying at his bedroom window, and upon opening it, saw a bedraggled cat jump in and circle him. The poor animal's eyes were sunken and black, his fur dirty and his tail hung

limp. His cry had a hollow sound but we recognized him as ours by the unmistakable asthmatic-sounding "croon" that always accompanied Herkie.

Upon investigation, our kindly vet told us that the cat had suffered a broken back, had crawled somewhere to keep warm, and by being quiet so long, had set his backbone quite properly. The nerves feeding his tail had been severed so it necessitated losing the appendage. The tip of one ear and his four feet had been frost-bitten but these soon mended themselves. However, the amazing phenomenon was that the cat had had nothing to eat or drink for twenty-three days; instead he had been nourished by his own body.

With many weeks of gentle care and a diet enriched with cod-liver oil, Herkie is well, more affectionate than ever, if that is possible, and running around with his "new look" and chasing grasshoppers as usual.

You see—it doesn't pay to worry because cats *do* have nine lives or, at least it seems that way.

"Nicodemus," Five-Toe'd Cat

By John L. Leslie

NICODEMUS is quite a name for a cat, isn't it? But the Nicodemus you see pictured here, really *is* quite a pussy cat.

Unlike the majority of our feline friends, Nicky, as his master, Jerry, and his two young mistresses, Barbara and Carol, call this year-old feline, has five toes on each of his four paws. This makes Nicky a very special sort of cat because normal cats have but four toes on each foot.

Nicodemus isn't at all happy about these strange feet of his. On account of the extra toes being as large as the others, he cannot run or climb a fence or pole like other cats. In fact, he has much trouble in walking. The extra toes, over which he has no nerve control, often trip him and he has to walk in a zig-zag man-

ner.

For this reason, Nicodemus is never allowed out of the house by himself, because, should his natural enemy, a dog, happen along, poor Nicky would not be able to run from him or scurry up a tree to safety. Jerry, Barbara or Carol take him out into their large enclosed yard several times a day and in the evenings.

Nicodemus, although he probably doesn't appreciate the fact, lives a much more carefree life than the average cat, especially a stray one. He never has to worry about being chased or being left out in the rain or going without food or water.

In fact, Nicodemus is quite a television fan, for when Jerry, Carol and Barbara seat themselves in a semi-circle on the floor



to watch the Lone Ranger or some such program, Nicky settles himself right in front of them and when Silver, the famous horse, prances onto the screen in a close-up view, Nicky sits right up, perks his brown ears and is all eyes.

If you will study the picture closely you will plainly see the extra, large toes, that make Nicodemus such an unusual cat.

Three Decades of The Angell Memorial

By **Gerry B. Schnelle, V.M.D.**

PART THREE

The Nursing

The training and employment of trained veterinary nurses was begun first with a single nurse, Mrs. Adele Fread being employed for daytime nursing. This was expanded to twenty-four hour nursing by trained persons, seven days a week. With the forty-hour week being in vogue, this project becomes a difficult one to organize and maintain, and is also probably the most expensive innovation of the past decade.

Dr. Elizabeth Fortune was made Director of Nursing and supervises both the training and the control of nursing procedures in the hospital.

The Appointment Service

The Appointment Service was begun to take care of two situations which had developed as the hospital and staff grew in stature. First, there was a natural desire of many discriminating persons to see various of our senior staff members. Since these veterinarians were also in great demand in the clinic, it caused long and unnecessary waits to see them when clients came without specific appointment. Second, the greatly increasing number of persons and their pets referred to the various staff members by local veterinarians required an appointment service to facilitate their handling. Aline Wharton was placed in charge of this service and of course is well known to many of our old and new clients.

Medical Statistics

Helped by the most generous financial assistance of Miss Muriel Alvord, the statistical system for the recording of diseases, by disease, was begun in 1946, and has become an increasingly important factor in the growth of our scientific knowledge. The system is based upon the American Medical Association's standard nomenclature, and not only allows us to tell at a glance the number of cases of all diseases seen and their outcome, but also makes it possible to gather together all of the records on any given subject for

study. The hospital was the first veterinary institution in this country to embrace such a statistical system.

The Library

The library was built in what was part of the old large animal operating room. The initial funds for starting the hospital library came from the late Dr. Frank H. Lahey, a physician of world renown. The library now is not only a place for study for our staff members, but also is used by many persons in medical and allied professions in the Boston area.

The Intern Program

The intern program came back into being after the war years and by 1948 was in full swing, five interns being accepted that year and six in each subsequent year. Its intent was twofold: to help the hospital by increasing the staff and thereby maintaining adequate service day and night, seven days a week—and to make

the hospital into a teaching institution with all that this implies.

It is the writer's opinion that two factors, teaching and research, are essential to a good hospital. A teaching hospital benefits both the teachers and those taught. Hospital teaching is, of course, graduate teaching and it is axiomatic that the inexperienced graduate has much to learn from the accumulated knowledge of his mentors, while the older graduate is kept informed on newer basic knowledge brought by the recent graduate. Our staff members are literally forced to keep abreast of the young and enthusiastic veterinarians who come here for training.

The more obvious aspect of our training program is that both the scientific and the humane parts of the Angell Memorial character of veterinary practice are taught to six young men a year who, in turn, carry these principles with them to their

(Continued on page 14)



Dr. Elizabeth Fortune, Director of Nursing lectures to staff nurses.



Best of X-ray equipment contributes materially to diagnoses.

(Continued from page 13)

new positions or practices and thus spread our gospel much farther than we could with our own efforts.

What becomes of the Angell Memorial trained interns? They are in practice in many regions of this country (and in Hawaii). Some are teachers in our veterinary schools, some are in research, and others have gone to positions of leadership in humane society hospitals. Two U. S. Army Air Force veterinary officers were sent here at government expense to complete the regular internship course, with the intent of preparing them to take part in research problems of the Armed Services. By the intern training program alone we have fulfilled Dr. Rowley's ideal for the hospital—"To advance to the limit of our power the whole practice of veterinary medicine and surgery . . . to assist all members of this important profession in establishing their work on the highest possible level."

Selection of Interns

Interns are selected from among graduates of all of this country's veterinary colleges. Applications are received at mid year of the seniors' final terms and selections are made by a committee of the senior staff members, on the basis of scholastic standing, demonstrated ability, leadership and regard in which the applicant is held by his teachers. There are at

present three staff members (former interns) who had the highest scholastic standing in their respective classes in college and thereby were winners of a national scholastic prize, the Borden Award. At one time the hospital boasted five veterinarians among staff and interns who were Borden Award winners!

Visiting Veterinarians

During the past decade veterinarians from many states of the Union and indeed many countries have come to the hospital for varying periods of study and observation. These include Dr. Fritz Nilsson of the Royal Swedish Veterinary College, Dr. Jacques Jenny from the Veterinary College of the University of Sorbonne, France, Dr. Hugo Stunzi of the Veterinary College of the University of Zurich in Switzerland, Dr. Agnette Krabbe from the Royal Danish Veterinary College, Dr. Inga Hansen from the Copenhagen S. P. C. A., Dr. Marek Rakower of the University of San Marcos, Lima, Peru, Dr. John Vanniasingham from Malaya, Dr. Saki Patasama from the Finnish Veterinary College, and many others. In the early post war years many discharged army veterinary officers came for various periods of study and observation, in order to be refreshed on modern veterinary practice.

Throughout the years many practicing veterinarians make periodic pilgrimages to the hospital to observe the work. Several of the veterinary colleges have sent staff teachers for study and observation at the Angell Memorial.

Referred Practice

It is inevitable that a hospital with a corps of experienced specialists, with laboratory, x-ray and other facilities, with unexcelled nursing care, should attract the "referred case"—the animal with complicated disease that is beyond the ken or the equipment of the practicing veterinarian. Sick animals referred to the Angell Memorial Hospital by other veterinarians constitute a sizable portion of our practice. These animals are morally and scientifically a challenge to all of us and every attempt is made to help the pet, and its owner, and to justify the confidence of the referring veterinarian. Detailed reports on diagnosis, prognosis and outcome are mailed to these veterinarians; thus, we hope, helping to share our knowledge with them.

The Northampton Street Clinic

In 1951, through absorption by petition of the Work Horse Relief Society, an

(Continued on page 15)



New Ward L, adjoining surgical suite for patients recovering from operations.

(Continued from page 14)

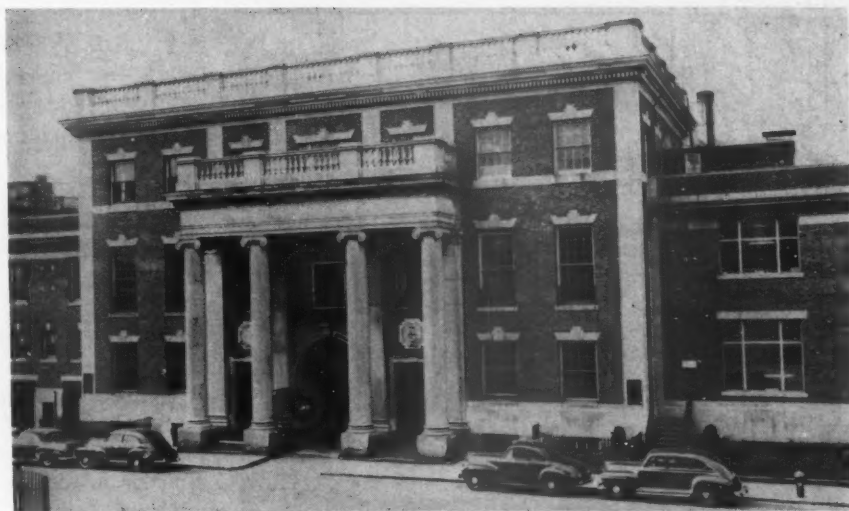
out-patient clinic was acquired on Northampton Street. In order to elevate the character of veterinary practice at this clinic to standards of the Angell Memorial, the entire building was torn apart and rebuilt, providing a cheerful, airy reception room, a well-equipped modern clinic room and a ward for the containment of animals accepted for the adoption department on Longwood Avenue, or for treatment. Dr. Donald Clifford, a graduate of the Intern training program, was placed in charge and when he left to accept a teaching position at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Schneider took charge. The clinic is located in one of the city's more blighted areas where it stands as a monument to kindness and care of animals, and by its bright, clean and friendly atmosphere, as a monument to benevolent philanthropy and scientific veterinary medicine. Although comparatively few persons who avail themselves of this clinic are able to pay even part of the normal fee, the same standards of medicine are practiced at Northampton Street as on Longwood Avenue.

The Rowley Memorial Hospital

In 1931 a smaller "Angell Memorial" was completed in Springfield in response to requests from a group of civic minded Springfield citizens. It was originally operated as an out-patient clinic but it soon became apparent that hospitalization of animals was essential to good treatment. This institution was named the Francis H. Rowley Memorial Hospital in memory of that great humanitarian. It is operated on the same basis as the Angell Memorial. In June of this year the Rowley Memorial Hospital celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at a gathering of local citizenry. Dr. Alex R. Evans was placed in charge at the opening of the clinic and celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary with the hospital.

The Islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket

In 1946, a branch was established on Martha's Vineyard, carrying on a project started by Miss Katharine Foote years previously. Dr. Dudley Jones, a member of the Angell Memorial staff, took charge and three years later the branch on Nantucket was opened. Complete hospital facilities are provided on Martha's Vine-



Imposing headquarters of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

yard. The Foote Memorial Shelter and Hospital for Animals was dedicated in 1955 and this busy clinic and hospital operates under the direction of its parent institution. An out-patient clinic is maintained at Nantucket with a layman in charge and on call at all times. Dr. Jones visits Nantucket one day a week, and in emergency, at other times. Since the winter population of the Islands will not support a veterinarian, the Society subsidizes this important venture. It is both factual and interesting that Dr. Jones has become a much loved "Island" personality during his years there and his friends and supporters are legion.

Financial Aspect of Hospital Operation

During the early part of the first decade, 1926-1936, the out-patient clinic and the hospital were operated on a rather loose financial basis. Pet owners were generally asked to give a "donation" for the services rendered in the clinic, and hospital charges of fifty cents a day for cats (board and medical treatment!) and one dollar per day for dogs, were sometimes collected, sometimes not. Anyone saying he was a "doctor" was not charged at all in the clinic, and one-half the usual amount in the hospital. This procedure prevailed during the early depression years since operating costs were very low at the time and deficits could easily be made up from current income of the parent Society. During the latter part of the first decade and extending into the second, it became necessary to raise the charges and to insist more

vigorously that those who were able to pay should pay their assessed fees. As the second decade progressed into the war and post war years, wages and salaries were necessarily increased and drugs and medical supplies skyrocketed in price. It became necessary to increase charges several times, but the gap between fees and costs expanded rapidly, going from less than \$45,000 in 1943 to more than \$100,000 in 1950, and to \$137,000 the following year. Since that time expanding costs have raised the operating deficit to an all time high of \$227,000 in 1955. The management finds itself similarly placed with good hospitals for human beings. We cannot reduce service, for example, by remaining closed part of each day or week, we cannot reduce nursing to, for example, daytime hours only, we cannot in all conscience close the hospital on Sundays or holidays, and it would be unthinkable to reduce the quality of either nursing or professional personnel. Technical advances and knowledge almost inevitably bring increased costs in hospital operation in contrast to industry in which such advances often reduce costs.

Continued operation of the hospital in the face of such a prodigious operational deficit is possible only through funds from the interest on testamentary gifts of the past and annual donations from our many friends. It is obvious that additional testamentary, as well as annual gifts, are necessary to a continuing operation of the hospital if we are to maintain our position

(Continued on page 18)



CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Oh, what a wonderful Christmas present!"

Bird Subtraction

By Laura Alice Boyd

1. Subtract O from a yellow bird, get a river in France.
2. Subtract B from a bird with a red breast, get a common metal.
3. Subtract T from a swift, long-legged bird, get church singers.
4. Subtract W from a graceful bird, get a word that means permits.
5. Subtract P from a common bird, get an Indian's weapons.
6. Subtract A from the king of birds, get happiness.
7. Subtract P, add E to an Antarctic bird, get real.
8. Subtract R from a thin, swift bird, get to be ill.

Note: Change the order of the letters if necessary.

Answer: 1. oriole—Loire; 2. robin—iron; 3. ostrich—choirs; 4. swallow—allows; 5. sparrow—arrows; 6. eagle—glee; 7. Penguin—genuine; 8. rail—ail.

Where Animals Share Christmas

By Ida M. Pardue

PERHAPS you put your pet dog's name on your Christmas gift list—or buy "Kitten Little" a rubber mouse. But what about the horses and cows on Grandpa's farm? Or the birds? Do they get in on the Christmas fun too?

Helping the animals to share Christmas is a big part of the Yuletide in some lands.

Danish children look forward to fixing holiday snacks for the birds, as much as others look forward to hanging stockings. On the big night the youngsters climb to their housetops, or onto high fences, to spread a feast of oats, rye or other grain where the birds can reach it easily. The barnyard animals aren't forgotten, either. The cows and horses are well brushed, made comfortable, and then fed an extra meal — their own Christmas feast. The rule of double rations for farm animals prevails throughout most of Scandinavia, where the people believe that all living things should share in the celebration of Christ's birth.

In Sweden you can see pieces of suet tied to tree branches for the birds. The Swiss and Montenegrins feed the birds too. Polish farm animals get a special meal on Christmas Eve. The Czechs and Ukrainians take what is left from their own Christmas dinner, and divide it among the stock animals—and even the bees!

Where old ways are still followed in parts of England, villagers always decorate bee hives with holly at Christmas time.

These customs are an outgrowth of old legends. Because of the part that animals played in Christ's birth, they are remembered on Christmas, by many.

**Christmas morn, the legends say,
Even the cattle kneel to pray,
Even the beasts of wood and field
Homage to Christ the Savior yield.**

—Denis A. McCarthy, LL.D



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



JANE



DAVID



LESLEY






BABY



JOHNNY

CHRISTMAS DAY



For weeks   and  had been talking about X-mas and buying    to put on the . At last the great day was here! The night before    and  had hung up their    by the . Then they ran  to  to wait for  to come down the . Bright and early    and  looked under the  to see what  had brought.  heard a funny little b- and what do you think he found? A dear little !  heard a me-ow and there was a darling .  and  had lovely , and all had lots of other   besides. Then  ran over from next  with his  to show them his new . But the biggest surprise of all was waiting for them in the  - - a lovely  to ride. What a good    and  had on X-mas !

(Continued from page 15)

among animal hospitals and certainly if we are to forge ahead as a pioneer in new scientific fields.

Where to reduce costs? Should we aim at reducing costs by discontinuing research? By abandoning the teaching program for interns? By refusing to allow staff members to lecture at veterinary meetings or schools? To curtail any of these functions does not seem to subscribe to the avowed purpose of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital as stated by Dr. Rowley when the hospital was built forty-one years ago. "... a place be provided where animals may receive proper medical and surgical treatment ... (and) to set an ever higher standard and so assist all members of this important profession in establishing this work on the best possible level. This is an ideal that plans, not merely for the present, but for the future. . . ."

We find it difficult to believe that our supporters, either of the past or in the present, or those who in the future might have faith in our work, would have us alter our goals. If the founders were right in their aims, then our present objectives must still be so. One cannot be static in science—in a profession—or in fact in politics, and therefore we must constantly advance; and, believing in our quality of scientific practices and the soundness of our humaneness, we shall continue to teach all who will listen—in hopes that they will follow our precepts.

THE obligations of Law and Equity reach only to mankind, but Kindness and Beneficence should be extended to the creatures of every species, and these will flow from the breast of a true man, as the streams that issue from the living fountain. —Plutarch

OUR life is not a book, with old age the last chapter. Rather it is a series of short stories — each with its own adventures and consummations. Struggle and rest are phases of our lives at every stage. One kind of struggle is always ending, perhaps but another is beginning; the same is true of intellectual and spiritual growth, of practical and artistic achievements.

—George Lawton

In good books lies —

Buried Treasure

Title: DORIS BRYANT'S CAT BOOK

Author: Doris Bryant

Publisher: Ives Washburn, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Price: \$2.95

This is the most exhaustive book on cats we have ever seen. So often a book that sets out to be a generally over-all good book on a subject fails in some aspect or another. The only possible failing this book could have is that it might be too extensive in some parts. Some of the aspects covered actually fall within the province of a veterinarian's care—so much the better for the owner of a cat to recognize this and secure the services of a competent animal physician.

The subject matter is not only well covered, it is very readable and clear. Miss Bryant's style is a complement to her knowledge. Organization of the book is excellent, having both an index and self-explanatory chapter headings in the Table of Contents. In addition, the philosophy and attitude expressed toward cats as pets (or any pets, for that matter) is unexcelled. One quotation here will give you the general tone of the whole, "The care of the pet must be a labor of love." Highly recommended for the library of all cat owners.

Title: THE LAST PASSENGER

Author: James Ralph Johnson

Publisher: The Macmillan Company,

60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.
Price: \$2.75

THE LAST PASSENGER is an imaginative re-creation of the life of the last of the passenger pigeons. Less than a century ago huge flocks of these birds could be seen in the skies over North America, but their numbers were rapidly diminished by ruthless hunters, until the last recorded passenger died in the Cincinnati Zoo, in 1914. Focusing on the life cycle of a single pigeon, the author presents a moving description of the life and struggle of the last of these unusual and spectacular birds.

The book is also excellently illustrated

with woodcuts by the author. Here is presented the case for the protection of all wild life. The text is not only very moving, but accurate in every detail. Highly recommended.

Title: ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DOGS

Author: Hayes Blake Hoyt

Publisher: G. P. Putnam's Sons,
210 Madison Ave., New York City
Price: \$4.00

A ready reference book on the selection, care and feeding of dogs. Written by an internationally recognized authority on dogs, the text readily reveals her sure knowledge of the subject. The main chapter headings include, "How to Buy a Dog," "Training," "Health," and "Special Problems." The book is organized into a series of questions and answers. The questions are well constructed to bring out every aspect of the subject and the answers provided cover the subject completely. An ideal gift to a person acquiring a dog for the first time or who is just starting out with a young dog again.

Title: NATURE PARADE

Author: Frank W. Lane

Publisher: Sheridan House,

257 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Price: \$5.00

NATURE PARADE is a very informative and undoubtedly accurate book. Mr. Lane has arranged his material under specific chapter headings, such as, Food, Sleep, Doctoring, etc., and in each of these chapters one may find information on the living habits of practically all types of creatures. It is not a book to be read casually, but rather is one which the reader would find beneficial in securing information on specific habits of a great variety of creatures.

It is readable because the language and terminology are not overly technical and is of definite value to anyone desiring to make a study of wild animals in their natural environment.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

PUBLICATIONS

For Sale by the AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders. Price includes postage.

Leaflets on the care and feeding of pets.

	Dozen	Hundred*
Care of a Pet Rabbit	20 cts.	\$1.25
Care of Canaries	20 cts.	\$1.25
Parrot and Parakeet Book	25 cts. Each	
Parakeets as Pets	20 cts.	\$1.50
A Loyal Friend	20 cts.	\$1.50
Care of the Dog	40 cts.	\$3.00
Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs	75 cts.	\$5.00
Eulogy on the Dog, by Sen. Vest, post card	20 cts.	\$1.25
Cushioned Claws	20 cts.	\$1.50
Care of the Cat	40 cts.	\$3.00
The Beggar Cat, post card	20 cts.	\$1.25
First Aid to Animals	40 cts.	\$3.00
The Eternal Turtle	40 cts.	\$3.00
Care of the Horse	60 cts.	\$4.00

Any of the above leaflets and also the following help teachers to integrate units of work from the world of natural phenomena as a part of the total school program.

Care of the Cat—35mm. black and white filmstrip which comes complete with teacher's manual	\$2.00 Each
Nature Recreation—book by Dr. W. G. Vinal	\$3.50 Each
You and Your Dog—elementary grades	40 cts. \$3.00
What Do You Know About Animals?	40 cts. \$3.00
Ways of Kindness	40 cts. \$3.00
Cruelty at Eastertime	40 cts. \$3.00
Pic, Barb and Sword	40 cts. \$3.00
Nature Study in the Camp Program	20 cts. \$1.50
Animal Plays—	
The Kindness Train	80 cts. \$6.00
One Morning Long Ago	30 cts. \$2.00
Lower Grade Unit on Dogs and Cats	20 cts. \$1.25
Dog and Cat Care	60 cts. \$4.00

Supplies for the formation of Junior Humane Societies

Be Kind to Animals blotters	2 cts.	\$1.25
Junior Humane Society pins—dog, cat and bird on red	40 cts.	\$3.00
White Star Band of Mercy pins—on blue ground with gilt letters and border	20 cts.	\$1.50
Be Kind to Animals pins—three styles		
Humane Society, Band of Mercy, S. P. C. A.		
dog, cat, horse, bird on white background	20 cts.	\$1.50
Junior Humane Society—Band of Mercy membership cards	12 cts.	\$1.00

The monthly magazine, "Our Dumb Animals," with pictures, stories, articles and two children's pages—15 cts. a copy, \$1.50 per year.

Samples of the above leaflets and magazine will be sent free upon request.

* In lots of 500 16-2/3% discount on 100 price

In lots of 1000 33-1/3% discount on 100 price

"Although shelter work is my especial interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

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Specializing: Veterinary & Breeding Advice
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Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1956 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION**, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, **NATURE RECREATION** may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

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It's later than you think -- but not too late

ARE there some last-minute gifts you have neglected, someone you may have forgotten? Solve your problem the easy way by sending a most welcome gift of a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**.

The price is only \$1.00 each if 5 or more subscriptions are ordered at one time (foreign subscriptions, please add 50 cents each for postage). The price is \$1.50 each if less than five are ordered. That includes the gift card pictured above which is printed in old-fashioned Christmas colors of red and green.

A year's subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** is bound to please your friends and relatives—young or old and you would be sending a gift, not just once, but twelve times.

With the mails as they are, we can't definitely promise, but if you will send those subscriptions to us by December 15, we shall do our very best to see that the gift card arrives by Christmas and that the subscription starts as soon as possible.

All you do is this:

1. PRINT the names and addresses of all those you wish to remember.
2. Tell us how you want us to sign your gift card.
3. Enclose your check, money order or cash in the correct amount for your order.
4. Include your own name and address.
5. Mail to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.
6. Relax in a comfortable easy chair and have a very, very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

